

"God Will Slap You Cockeyed" —*Carey McWilliams*

THE *Nation*

August 19, 1950

Edge of a Precipice

A Report from Lake Success

BY LILLIE SHULTZ

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Strasbourg—Now or Never

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

*

Lattimore vs. McCarthy - - - - - *Philip Mandel*

"Ice" Over Miami - - - - - *Homer A. Jack*

Notes from Capitol Hill - - - - - *Willard Shelton*

Nostalgia and Fascism in Italy - - - - - *G. M. Lanzillotti*

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THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 171

NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 19, 1950

NUMBER 8

The Shape of Things

INEVITABLY, OUR MILITARY INVOLVEMENT in Korea and early defeats have become political issues, but the document presented by four Republican members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with the general agreement of Senator Vandenberg, is partly a blatant piece of partisan hypocrisy and partly a program for future action which suggests that the Republicans have no understanding of our real problems in the struggle with Russia for the minds of men. Many Republicans led in the clamor to "bring the boys home" that forced our hasty disarmament in 1945. With their reluctance to vote funds for the Voice of America, they helped weaken our capacity to "broadcast to the world our democratic doctrine," something they now demand. They dragged their feet in voting money for the economic and military aid of European allies whose weakness they now decry. Their hubbub about Chiang Kai-shek helped force Mr. Truman into a policy of "neutralizing" Formosa which even our friends in Asia believe should not have been wrapped up with the action in Korea and for which we could not possibly obtain United Nations sanction. The Republican document underscores the probability that the principal G. O. P. war cry in the election campaign will be an allegation that Democrats don't hate communism as much as Republicans do. It is a childish and therefore perilous approach for a powerful democracy facing the greatest challenge in its history, when our need is to offer affirmative policies that will rally the largest possible group of democratic allies.

✱

WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS, THE ONLY LEADERS left in Gideon's Army are members of its directing cadre of Communists and fellow travelers. Henry A. Wallace, founder and ostensible commander of the Progressive Party, has wearily tendered his final papers of resignation, and a good many high officers like Professor Thomas I. Emerson of Yale and Lee Pressman of the American Labor and Progressive parties have likewise abandoned the cause. The great adventure, entered into with such high hopes two years ago, came to its inevitable end when events in Korea forced a showdown

that was long overdue. Perhaps now we shall be able to discuss the real issues dividing left and right in America without stumbling into ideological traps set by "Progressive" party-liners.

✱

ALTHOUGH CONGRESS HAS MADE UP ITS mind to give the President not only the emergency powers he requested but the right to install at his discretion general price, wage, and rationing controls, the battle to check inflation is only half won. As a group of distinguished economists has pointed out, taxes must be raised sufficiently to eliminate any federal deficit. The President's tax-increase program, as announced, would bring in only about half the \$10,000,000,000 already to be added to defense appropriations, to say nothing of the further rearming of Europe and other contemplated expenditures. No doubt the Administration expects that the new revenue will be enough to cover increased expenses until Congress tackles taxes again and that the swelling national income will bring enlarged yields without a boost in tax rates. But in this emergency it is better to be on the safe side. It is always easier, later on, to reduce taxes that have turned out to exceed the need than to repair the damage that may result from starting at an inadequate level. As for implementing the price-control and rationing power, the machinery to put it into effect should be made ready with all possible speed. And in order to prevent businessmen and consumers from trying to beat the gun by accumulating stocks before the freeze goes into effect, the President should announce that if and when the controls are imposed, the price level of June 24 will be the standard. If, as Chairman Keyserling of the Council of Economic Advisers urges, we are able to increase production so rapidly that all our obligations can easily be carried, few scarcities will develop except in case of all-out war.

✱

UNTIL THE SLEUTHS OF THE UN-AMERICAN Activities Committee visited Hollywood some years ago, filmland's censors were chiefly concerned with kisses, close-ups, and sweaters. Since that time, they have transferred their main interest to the dangerous world of ideas. William Wyler, the director of such films as "Wuthering Heights," "The Best Years of Our Lives,"

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The Nation, published weekly and copyright, 1950, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas. *Subscription Prices:* Domestic—One year \$7; Two years \$12; Three years \$17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian \$1. *Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: *The Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

and "The Heiress," has lately been caught up in the new censorship. In making Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," Wyler was forced to eliminate certain details of the suicide of Hurstwood, the heroine's lover. He has had even greater difficulties with Sidney Kingsley's "Detective Story," which touches on the subject of abortion. "I can't bring up . . . abortion on the screen," he reports, "and yet I can't keep my kids from reading in the newspapers about abortion rackets. . . . The church openly condemns abortion from the pulpit, but we can't condemn it. . . . It is becoming increasingly more difficult to show life as it is. The whole situation comes down to a fight between people who want to see pictures and those who want to keep them from what they want to see."

"Excess of Zeal"

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S special message on security and espionage contained three thousand words eloquently warning against an "excess of zeal" or "wave of hysteria" like the one that impelled the Alien and Sedition laws of 1798, and only a couple of paragraphs of requests for specific legislation. Mr. Truman is clearly worried about the witch-burning spirit rising in Congress, and his security proposals were apparently designed as moderate substitutes for certain pending legislation he detests. At least one of his proposals, however, is full of danger, reflecting the thinking of elements in the Department of Justice whose continued influence is no credit to Attorney General McGrath. Another is less dangerous but certainly unnecessary.

No one, we think, can object to one of the President's suggestions which the House has already approved: the internal-security bill. This measure would extend the statute of limitations for espionage and stiffen the penalties, but not to the extent of a death penalty in peace-time, as the Senate has voted. Anyone indicted as a spy would have all the rights and immunities of traditional Anglo-American jurisprudence. And it is difficult to take exception to the President's request for broader authority to protect military bases and installations. But his recommended alternatives to the Hobbs and Mundt-Nixon bills give rise to the inescapable question: How can a democracy remain a democracy if in an excess of zeal it adopts police-state measures to repress Communists?

Admittedly, Mr. Truman's version of the Hobbs bill is better than the original, which would authorize the imprisonment, on no specific charge and for an unlimited length of time, of a few thousand "criminal and subversive aliens" who cannot be deported because no other country will accept them. Mr. Truman would

simply require them to report their "whereabouts and activities" at regular intervals to federal officials. Yet ordinary paroled convicts are not subjected to an unending diet of surveillance and supervision. The parole period runs for a term of years; thereafter a former convict is allowed to rebuild his life without reporting his "whereabouts and activities" or running the gauntlet of a petty officialdom that may or may not be vindictive and arbitrary.

A far more serious threat to democratic procedures lies hidden in the President's substitute for the Mundt-Nixon bill—a proposal that "persons who have received instruction" in espionage or subversive tactics "from a foreign government or political party" must register with the Department of Justice as foreign agents. If that does not mean all domestic Communists; and, possibly, any member of any organization on the Attorney General's list of "subversive" groups, what does it mean? The government's case in the trial of the eleven Communist leaders was built on the theory that the party was under "foreign" direction, that "subversion" was its purpose. What fundamental difference is there

between the President's form of registration and the somewhat more elaborate registration-and-disclosure features of the Mundt-Nixon bill?

It needs to be said, at a time like this, that the persecution of a politically unpopular minority at the moment of its greatest unpopularity establishes precedents for the persecution of other minorities, now or later. Instead of yielding to those who for ten years have clamored for an attack on our home-grown Communists, the President would do better to trust the public to support his opposition to the looming "wave of hysteria." In an era when white is black, peace is war, and Mr. Malik can pretend that an American defense of international morality in Korea is aggression, an up-to-date version of the Alien and Sedition laws can be urged upon us by a voice that simultaneously warns us not to imitate the rude excesses of our ancestors. "The principal protection of a free society against subversion," Mr. Truman correctly said, "is an alert and responsible citizenry dedicated to the advancement of freedom through democratic means." Why not act as if we believed it?

Edge of a Precipice

BY LILLIE SHULTZ

Lake Success, August 11

PEACE and the United Nations both are being pushed close to a dangerous precipice by the Security Council discussions. For this, both Russia and the United States are responsible. The Russians by their desperate fight against the encirclement their provocative acts have invited; the Americans by their bungling of a case where clearly we were in the right, since Russia's backing of the North Korean aggressor is evident and Russia's further moves in Asia are easy to predict.

Technically, the Security Council is engaged in a procedural discussion. Actually, the last fortnight has seen a mounting effort by the Soviet Union to escape entrapment.

The United States, as a "welcome" to the Russians, prepared a resolution designed to produce a veto and with it the formal isolation of Russia from the peace-loving community. This resolution renewed condemnation of North Korean aggression, called upon member states to use their influence with North Korea to cease its defiance of the United Nations, and urged all states to cooperate in helping to localize the Korean conflict. The council has not yet discussed this item; there is little likelihood that it will if Mr. Malik is able to maintain his present agility in the chair. Before begin-

ning the substantive discussion, the United States wants to seat the representative of South Korea, who had been invited to attend all discussions on Korea by a council decision of June 25. Malik holds that the representatives of both South and North Korea should be invited. He is willing to put the question to a vote, but the Russians would of course veto South Korean admission unless the North Koreans were also invited. This means that as long as the Russians remained in the Security Council, whether Malik is president or not, the veto would be continued, and the South Korean representative could never be heard. There is no likelihood the Russians will leave the Security Council as long as their vote can be decisive.

For a week now, Tsiang of Nationalist China, Warren Austin, and Sir Gladwyn Jebb have been trying without success to get Malik, as president, to rule on the validity of the June 25 invitation. Were Malik to rule that the invitation has no continuing validity, he would be overruled, as this is a procedural matter. Malik is not likely to yield, nor are the Americans. What may be anticipated, therefore, is an increasingly brutal exchange between Malik and other members of the Security Council, spun out until the Russian's tenure as president expires at the end of this month. Such a stalemate will not affect, directly, the outcome of the Korean

conflict. Indeed no resolution, offered either by the United States or the Russians, has as its real purpose the promotion of peace in Korea. This month's discussion, however, may well decide whether the world is to be pushed into what the Russians call "a quagmire of warfare."

The Soviet Union has returned to the U. N. convinced that the United States no longer believes there can be peace in a divided world and that it is determined to win a victory at whatever cost. The North Korean attack was unquestionably a gamble for a quick victory, and U. N. intervention was a shock. This shock was not counterbalanced by the American military defeats, the revelation of American unpreparedness, or the knowledge that to be effective in a global war any American superiority in atomic stockpiles must be backed by a larger army, air force, navy, and new weapons. The Russians know that their advantage is only temporary. It is the intervening time that they are rushing to exploit. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British representative, was the only member of the Security Council to recognize this driving fear. He urged the Soviets "not to become the slaves of their own theories—that, as the poet has it, they should 'drain not to its dregs the urn of bitter prophecy.'" But he could hardly expect the Russians to accept this advice, accompanied as it was by a sharp attack on Communist philosophy and tactics.

The Russians are attempting to use the Security Council to turn Asia against the West; to capture as many soft spots as possible on the Asian continent without committing Soviet forces; to split the Western allies; to prevent their own isolation; to goad the United States into reactionary alliances and force it to spread itself thin in its commitments. From the U. N. rostrum, they have demonstrated that propaganda can become a potent weapon to exploit the needs, fears, and hopes of a continent already in revolutionary ferment against centuries of feudalism and colonialism.

Every word uttered by the U.S.S.R. has been directed toward Asia. Every utterance has played on the Asians' soaring aspirations to independence, their dread of foreign intervention. The American charge that North Korea is the puppet of the U. S. S. R. has been balanced by the equally indisputable fact that the United States is the sponsor of the Syngman Rhee regime. American stories of the sufferings of the American and South Korean forces have been offset with detailed descriptions of the sufferings of civilians bombed by Americans. As evidence of their peaceful intentions, the Russians have repeated again and again that they would like to assist in a peaceful settlement.

Were it not for an incredible blunder, Russian propaganda might have had some effect on the Western world as well. This blunder, made and repeated by Malik, is the charge that the United States was the aggressor in

Korea and that the South Koreans attacked the North Koreans first. He has proved neither charge.

The United States scored heavily when it twice accused Russia of supplying arms to the North Koreans. Twice Malik heatedly repudiated the allegation and said that arms were sold to the North Koreans before the Russian occupying forces left the area two years ago. It is the only time the Russians have been on the defensive.

WITH an air-tight case against aggression, and the backing of fifty-odd nations, the United States is coming off second best in the propaganda war because of a number of basic errors. Lack of preparation was not one of them. But the preparations were designed solely to bring about a Russian defeat in the Security Council, ignoring the fact that the real objective is Asia. We made the mistake of treating the discussion as a routine propaganda contest; of addressing ourselves solely to Western opinion; of rebuffing Nehru; and of underestimating the Russians. And, finally, we made the cardinal error of claiming success before the victories had been achieved, only to have to admit error later. One of the most extraordinary episodes was the press conference called by Ambassador Gross of the American delegation, at which he stated that the entire membership of the Security Council, with the exception of Russia, would meet informally to consider a series of steps to break Malik's "filibuster," including the possibility of deposing Malik, calling a special session of the General Assembly, or just not appearing at council meetings. But when the conferees met, France, Britain, and Norway are known to have expressed their astonishment and disapproval at the brashness of the Americans, and arranged an informal discussion with Malik, which, to be sure, produced nothing except the present stalemate.

As a result of American bungling, the Chinese Communist government has been given reason to believe that it cannot hope for recognition by the U. N. and that its only ally among the major powers is the Soviet Union. America's wide embrace of Chiang Kai-shek has discouraged any possible Titoism in red China. The Chiang regime, only yesterday rejected by the State Department, has become our new protégé. We have been goaded into an ardent defense instead of a mere acceptance of Dr. Tsiang's seat in the council. We have made him the spokesman of the Western alliance in the effort to break Malik's hold on the council. We have further obliged the U. S. S. R. with MacArthur's visit to Chiang in Formosa, followed by Harriman's statement that it was authorized by the Administration. Our desire not to reward Russia by seating the Chinese Communists is understandable; but not our sacrifice of the fundamental concept that recognition of a government in

effective control of its territory does not imply approval of that regime. Our recognition of the U. S. S. R. is a demonstration of that principle.

The Indian government has a promise from Mao that he will take no provocative action as long as there is a possibility that his government will be seated. But if the Chinese Communists are frustrated much longer by the United Nations, they are likely to launch their attack before the United States has had time to rearm Chiang.

At no stage have we given the Asian peoples encouragement—through recognition of their economic, social, and political needs—to fight with us. On the contrary, our protestations that we fight for freedom from tyranny must have a slightly hollow ring to an Asian when coupled with the Senate vote for the hundred-million-dollar loan to Franco, whom Asia remembers, if we have forgotten, as the Axis ally of Japan. Nor will an Asian understand why the fight for freedom should require an \$89,000,000 budget for propaganda (the Voice of America) and less than \$30,000,000 for the Point Four program.

In Asia, thanks to Russian supremacy at the chessboard, the United States is now believed to be against wanting to discuss peace, against mediation, and against seating the government in effective control of China.

THUS far there has been no evidence of leadership by any delegation to restore the balance. The Indian delegation has stated its position very clearly on the seating of the Chinese Communists. Nehru will not, however, court another rebuff from the West by making further mediation proposals at this stage. Cynical attempts to use Nehru to bolster their position were made by the Americans and the British. Ambassador Austin stated that the United States believed in the same kind of "living dynamic peace" as Nehru. Sir Gladwyn Jebb quoted a passage from a speech by Nehru on June 22 attacking communism as "pure terrorism." But neither referred to Nehru's criticism of the West last week for failing to understand the mind of Asia, to Nehru's support of the admission of Communist China to the U. N., or Nehru's offer of mediation rejected by the State Department.

The British are the principal active supporters of the United States. France and Ecuador speak rarely, but vote down the line with the United States. Cuba is with the United States but favors a discussion of peace. Yugoslavia, fearful that it may be the next target, abstains on everything except the admission of Communist China. Egypt sits on the fence and votes to discuss both aggression and peace. Norway and Britain have split away only once from the United States—to vote for discussion of the seating of the Chinese Communist government they both recognize. Mr. Lie's departure for a vacation in Norway is less a sign that the situation is in hand than that his role as a possible mediator has vanished.

How long the Chinese Communists will refrain from an attack on Formosa no one knows. On the record, no delegate wants to discuss this eventuality or his government's attitude. There are rumors that the United States will ask that Formosa be made a U. N. trust territory; that this is our way of easing Chiang out of the picture. There are other reports that we mean to reaffirm that Chiang represents the only constitutionally elected government of China, and rearm him, not only for the defense of Formosa but for an eventual attempt to reconquer the mainland.

In any case, there is no U. N. sanction for President Truman's declaration on Formosa; and there is the unarguable fact that Formosa is part of China. The British, it is said, are profoundly disquieted lest they be forced to rescind their recognition of the Chinese Communist government and to join with the Americans in the event that Mao attacks. It is not likely that the United States could get Security Council sanction for the protection of Formosa as long as the Russians are there and can use their veto. But an attack by Mao might provide the occasion for the United States to push the Russians out of the U. N. It is an open secret that the Russian return has not pleased the Americans. Publicly, they say they will not be goaded into accepting the Hoover plan of a U. N. without the Russians. But it is certain that the United States feels a final showdown is inevitable, and that the necessity for maintaining the United Nations as a symbol of universality will vanish the moment we are sufficiently strong militarily to meet it. From now on, the U. N. seems destined to be used not to promote peace but to maintain a precarious balance until the alignment of sides has been completed.

No Comment

L. I. R. R. Signaling System Called Safe

... Robert Elsworth, a [Public Service Commission] consulting engineer, testified [yesterday] that "as far as the safety portion of this investigation is concerned, the Long Island's signaling system is safe. It is my conclusion that there is no need for any action now for signaling or automatic train control on the Long Island Rail Road."

—New York Herald Tribune, August 2.

Wreck on L. I. Injures 45 at Huntington

HUNTINGTON STATION, L. I., Aug. 5—A six-car Long Island Rail Road passenger train ... ran into an open switch at 4:12 p. m. today three-quarters of a mile west of Huntington Station and crashed into two freight cars and a gondola which were standing on a siding. ... Forty-five to fifty persons on the passenger train were injured and treated at Huntington Hospital.

—New York Herald Tribune, August 6.

Notes from Capitol Hill

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, August 13

WHEN W. Averell Harriman returned from his five-day trip to Japan and Korea, he vigorously denied that the journey was connected with General MacArthur's pilgrimage to Formosa. In a full-dress press conference, Harriman insisted that the President, the State Department, and he himself had known in advance of MacArthur's plans to visit Chiang Kai-shek. One may take comfort in realizing that diplomatic denials are not unprecedented and that Harriman could hardly have said anything else without seeming to undercut the United Nations' commander in the field. But the fact is that high government officials did *not* know about the trip in advance, and it is to be hoped that Harriman's visit to Tokyo has kept Chiang from assuming that MacArthur has committed us to helping the Nationalists reconquer the Chinese mainland.

Mr. Truman accepted an enormous moral responsibility when he sent American forces into Korea. Peace is indivisible, as Litvinov used to say, and the President acted so that the United Nations would not die, as the League of Nations had died, for want of courage and principle in the democratic world. There is, however, a profound difference between, first, imposing a unilateral but temporary cease-fire in the Formosa Straits while taking military action, under the authority of the United Nations, against North Korean aggression and, second, engaging in a general war against Mao Tse-tung.

While Harriman was on his way to Japan, Tokyo "spokesmen" kept telling correspondents how important it was to accept MacArthur's views about fighting communism everywhere. On the contrary, an American-supported invasion of China would obviously swing all Asia violently against us. Mr. Truman is not an imperialist. The important thing—aside from holding the military bridgehead until the United States and the United Nations can build up the forces required to drive the North Koreans back to the Thirty-eighth Parallel—is to be sure that high policy, based on full respect for nationalist aspirations in Asia, is made by the President—not by a field commander.

Observers here recognize that Mao can force a fight by sending an invasion army against Formosa. They hope he will restrain himself. Our policy makers will welcome any mediating influences

in this sphere that may be extended by Pandit Nehru, whose sympathies for Mao are warm. The President's objective in the unilateral Formosa decision was to limit the area of conflict at the moment he had to make his daring Korean decision, and the cease-fire applied to Chiang as much as to the Communists. But American officials have become profoundly aware that Asian and Western European opinion almost unanimously dislikes and fears our Formosa policy, and the policy remains a dangerous one.

CARROLL WILSON'S resignation as general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission and his attack on the competence of Chairman Gordon Dean was instantly countered by an expression of full confidence in Dean by all members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy headed by Senator McMahon. Dean was formerly one of McMahon's law partners, but Republicans as well as Democrats signed the vote of confidence. The best explanation of Wilson's explosion seems to be that there was a genuine difference of opinion about administrative policy.

Wilson, who learned from David Lilienthal in the TVA to delegate authority to field officials, was sometimes criticized in Congress for decentralizing too widely. Members of the commission were criticized for not knowing what was going on. There is no present limit on the term of office of the general manager, and McMahon had introduced a bill making it subject to Senate confirmation every three years. Dean was moving to tighten up the AEC's administration, so Wilson got out. Whether his departure will open the way to improper Congressional meddling in the AEC program would seem to depend on his successor.



"HOLD IT!"

London Evening Standard

Strasbourg: Now or Never

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Strasbourg, August 11

THIS year it was worth coming to Strasbourg. For a month, under the impact of the war in Korea and the incessant appeals from Washington to the European governments and leaders, the organizers of this Assembly have been announcing that the hour of great achievements had arrived. So far that hour has not sounded. Ever since the Council of Europe was created in 1949, it has been a perfect institution on paper, but its capacity or willingness to take hold of the burning problems of this continent remain unproved. One sign of progress can nevertheless be registered, the refusal of the genuine defenders of the Strasbourg idea to go on swallowing empty speeches and deceitful cascades of words.

With a brutality surprising in a Christian Socialist, André Philip, the former French Finance Minister, blasted the report presented by the Committee of Ministers: "Is this what we could have expected in the present world situation? Well, in my opinion this report is a small paper by a second-rate bureaucrat that ought to be returned without thanks to the person who wrote it."

All the impatience of those who feel that the Council of Europe has been wandering in a kind of vacuum has now crystalized around two major issues: the defense of Europe and the Schuman Plan. In a grand parade among the advance guard, Winston Churchill, Paul Reynaud, and Georges Bidault have called for immediate exceptional measures to give Western Europe the force required to stop an eventual advance of the Red Army. "Churchill as War Minister for Europe," shouts Reynaud, and wins a smile from the old warrior. The potential of Western Europe in men and industrial production is optimistically reviewed. From their seats, the Germans, who made their first important international appearance in this gathering and whose behavior is too sweet for my taste, cock their ears when Robert Boothby, British Conservative M. P., asks for the creation of a West German army.

But even when uttered by such statesmen, these appeals to strength sound as unrealistic as General Billote's speech the other day, in which the spokesman of neo-Gaullism called for seventy-five divisions. The truth, proclaimed boldly by other speakers, is that the defense of Europe is still non-existent.

The reaction to the problem of defense varies according to the degree to which representatives believe in the inevitability of a general war as a consequence of Korea. Roughly speaking, comments in the lobbies revolve about three possible developments: first, that the Americans give up—this is considered "undesirable" and "most unlikely"; second, that the Russians order the North Koreans back to the Thirty-eighth Parallel—"desirable" but also "unlikely"; third, a long, exhausting campaign in Korea, while other tests of American power take place in Indo-China, Iran, Yugoslavia, Afghanistan, or who knows where, until the Americans, tired of having to spend money and men all

over the world against an "ill-defined and unlimited enemy," seek a direct showdown with the Kremlin.

The greatest of all the pro-Europe leaders, Churchill, in proposing the immediate creation of a European army, developed again his theory that American atomic supremacy offered time, though he urged that the respite be used quickly. In his view, the coming strength of the Western coalition will make possible talks with the Russians on a level of equality and the chance of an understanding with them. He remains for a negotiated peace.

On the second great issue, the Schuman Plan, the conflict between the France-Benelux and the British positions is as evident in Strasbourg as it was in London when I reported the meeting of the Atlantic Council last May. Naturally, Conservative British representatives here try to put the blame for the continuing disagreement on the Committee of Ministers in general and the British Labor government in particular. But the British Conservative counter-proposal, submitted by Harold MacMillan, has profoundly annoyed the French delegation, beginning with M. Schuman himself. Like the Schuman Plan, the Conservative compromise suggests a single European market for coal and steel, supervised by an authority acting under the control of a ministerial committee. But if the authority should make decisions leading, for instance, to the closing down of British factories and British unemployment, the Conservative proposal provides that Britain—or any other state so affected—could veto them. This proviso would undermine completely the power of the international authority as conceived in the Schuman Plan.

But apart from these specific areas of difference it is the absence of a consistent, aggressive, democratic policy that gives an air of futility to the Strasbourg deliberation. Take Spain, for instance. A hastily drafted motion expressing in very diplomatic language the Assembly's disapproval of the decision of the American Senate to lend \$100,000,000 to Franco immediately collected many signatures from even moderate representatives of several countries. I caught a significant little dialogue on that motion. "Democracy? What are you talking about?" asked a rightist pro-Leopold Belgian. "That is a thing of the past. When democracies try to remain democracies they are always beaten." "Then what are we fighting for?" inquired one of the signers of the draft resolution. "You do not know yet?" said the Belgian. "We are fighting Russia. That is all."

But in the opinion of many people gathered here that is not enough. An almost desperate resolution demanding the creation during this Assembly of an international authority, with a view to the formation of a European government "with limited but clear powers" and a genuinely functioning European Parliament, was introduced by the French, Belgian, Dutch, and German Socialists with the support of other representatives of different political affiliations. They are looking for something positive, something more than a coalition against Russia. They demand a United Europe because they believe the old state system is no longer viable. They are convinced that only a United Europe can develop a society capable of either self-support or self-defense. They have a sense of urgency and their slogan was pronounced by André Philip: "This time or never."

"Ice" Over Miami

BY HOMER A. JACK

Miami, August

THIS winter playground is gaining new summer prosperity from a stream of visitors attracted by "low summer rates" and "low" temperature averages—low compared to points nearer the equator. If it is hot in Miami for Northern visitors, it is sizzling just now, during the aftermath of the Kefauver Senate crime investigation, for the gamblers and some of the law-enforcement officers. The Senate committee's three-day hearing here, played up by the two Miami newspapers (which ought themselves be investigated by another Senate committee for refusing to settle a typographers' strike of more than nineteen months) and broadcast to eager thousands, revealed facts about the extent of gambling which apparently were unknown only to the sheriffs of Dade and Broward counties.

Sheriff Jimmy Sullivan of Dade County reluctantly revealed that as a smiling traffic officer in 1943 he had had assets of less than \$2,000 but by 1948 had parlayed his sheriff's salary into a bank account and property worth more than \$75,000. Sheriff Walter Clark of neighboring Broward County—containing Ft. Lauderdale and Hollywood—admitted on the witness stand that he and his brother, the chief deputy sheriff, owned a two-thirds' interest in the innocent-sounding Broward Novelty Company, which operates illegal *bolita* (policy) and slot machines and grossed \$750,000 in 1945-47.

The worst effect of the "liberal" gaming policy of this area is the breakdown of law and order through the corruption of public officials. The notorious S. and G. gambling syndicate of Miami took in bets totaling \$26,000,000 in 1948, of which at least \$275,000 went for "administrative expenses" or "ice." (A witness with the picturesque name of Frenchy Gips said that "ice" is what is used "to pay off, so we get the go sign.")

The hearings also revealed that three persons each contributed \$150,000 to the 1948 campaign of Governor Fuller Warren because "he would be good for the state." One of these contributors was William H. Johnston, said to have been an associate of Al Capone and at present president of four Florida dog-racing tracks—although Florida statutes prohibit race-track owners from contributing to political campaigns. Florida statutes, moreover, prohibit anybody from contributing more than \$15,000 to one candidate.

DR. JACK has been guest minister of the First Unitarian Church of Miami this summer. He was formerly executive secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination and has written for The Nation on racial tensions in Chicago.

Concurrently with the Kefauver investigation, the ministers of Miami are out to clean up strip-teasing in Miami's proliferating night spots. It is apparently easier to get the good clergy to spy on the "niteries," incognito but "just drinking cokes," than to take time out to challenge less lurid evils. Several clergymen, however, are sparking the new Miami Committee on International Understanding, and small chapters of the United Nations Association and the United World Federalists have also been formed. One is impressed by the weakness of organized liberalism here; the extreme left-wingers are taking over some groups by default, and many people are running for cover. The Mayor of Miami has just ordered the drafting of an ordinance, patterned after the recent Birmingham statute, which would make it unlawful for any member of the Communist Party to be within the city limits.

With most of Florida still smarting from the racism and hysteria of the Pepper-Smathers primary in May, Miami faced another controversial contest in late June over a new slum-clearance and public-housing program. The real-estate interests forced a referendum and spent lavishly to spread their canards against public housing: "Can you afford to pay somebody else's rent?" "Are the Communists for public housing? You bet they are!" "The scheme calls for 1,000 colored and 500 white public-housing units—do you want one of these projects near your home?" As the result of a large Negro turn-out—a new element in Miami politics—public housing won by a majority of some 3,000 votes.

Some improvements can be noted in race relations. The constant vigilance by democratic-minded whites and the growing Negro vote have made the Miami police a little less insolent and trigger-happy than heretofore. Recently a Negro was appointed a municipal judge, but this is a dubious advance since his jurisdiction is limited to Negroes. A few groups have managed to hold interracial gatherings, among them the American Veterans Committee, the Progressive Party, and the Miami Unitarian Church; the latter, with at least one Negro member, has led Miami religious groups in this respect for the past half-decade, if one excepts the small Bahai sect.

There is, however, no major change in the pattern of segregation. The school system is completely segregated. Although the salaries of Negro teachers are now equalized, the school board does not allow white and Negro teachers to have joint professional meetings—unless the group is small enough to sit around one table! The swank University of Miami is in the paradoxical position of being one of the first colleges in the country to establish a department of human relations and of allowing no Negro to attend these or any other courses in the university. Negroes' economic opportunities have not increased as much in Miami as in some other parts of the

South, owing to a tacit agreement that skilled Negro labor may work only in "colored town." Even the spirit world down here is segregated: two psychic readers on 27th Avenue have separate doors to their establishments marked "white" and "colored."

The war may be making farsighted Miamians worry about "the season" next winter, but this summer Dade County is bursting at its seams. Building in the first six

months of 1950 exceeded that of any similar period in the county's history—including the 1924-25 boom. So if you're white and wealthy, come to Miami next winter to forget the world and the war. If you intend to stay at the Roney Plaza, remember it is no longer leasing out bookie privileges for \$20,000 a season to Frank Erickson. Frank will be detained up North for the next two years.

Nostalgia and Fascism in Italy

BY G. M. LANZILLOTTI

THERE are more Fascists today than there were under Mussolini." Five years after the liquidation of the Duce, variations of this statement are often heard in Italy. A growing nostalgia for the past, nourished by poverty, prepares the ground for new Fascist activity. Instead of recalling the Fascist buffoonery and the German terror, people compare the old days of fictitious grandeur with the pauperism and social unrest of today.

Mussolini beams from the front covers of magazines. Inside are glowing accounts of his public and private life, his statesmanship, his loves, his last days. The acts of his wife, his children, the sister of his last mistress are reported. His daughter, Edda Ciano, is coeditor of a weekly, *Insieme*, dedicated to exalting the life and work of the late dictator as well as the glamorous careers of society and film personages. Dailies like the *Tempo* and the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome open their columns to a more subtle apologia.

The nostalgia is particularly strong among young people. Missing the paternalism of Fascism, the sense of "belonging" it created, Italian youth today find themselves alone and psychologically disoriented. Mussolini developed a complex of superiority and a myth of strength heretofore unknown in the Italian personality. Today a Fascist movement would have followers among the youth even if economic and social conditions were markedly better than they are.

The Movimento Sociale Italiano (M. S. I.), a neo-Fascist organization with an elaborate ritual—its meetings are sometimes held in cemeteries with a background of skulls and crossbones and black banners—is attracting large numbers of adherents. Its members are known as "Missini," and incidents in which they have taken part

are reported daily in the press. These incidents are frequently demonstrations of hostility to the United States or Britain. Or members of opposition parties are attacked by gangs reminiscent of the *squadristi* of the 1920's.

One Sunday morning two large trucks appeared in the traditionally anti-Fascist Garbatella quarter of Rome. From them poured some 200 men armed with clubs and pieces of iron pipe covered with leather. They drilled in military formation, marching in goose step, and were reviewed by their leaders. A concert of Fascist hymns followed. When no one responded to the provocation, the men roamed about the quarter hawking the M. S. I. journal, *Lotta Politica*. Several people who refused to buy were beaten up. Then the group moved against the local Communist Party offices, attacking the occupants and destroying the furniture. This job completed, the Missini disappeared in their trucks before the police arrived.

The movement appears to be making greater strides than this simple *squadrismo* would indicate. In the last university elections in Rome the Missini finished third, only a few votes behind the Communists, who were second. A coalition of five Catholic groups received the most votes, but the Christian Democratic Party itself polled fewer than the M. S. I. In the national elections of April, 1948, the M. S. I. won only five seats in Parliament, but observers believe that it could get eight times as many today. There are now more than 3,000 chapters, two action groups, and one trade-union body. Although the M. S. I. has been active among workers for only about a year, its trade-union arm is gaining strength, as is shown by recent union elections in Turin, Rome, and other cities. The government, however, is trying to have the party outlawed under a relevant constitutional provision.

The party's program is contradictory and evasive, reflecting both the opportunism of the leadership and the opposition between two wings—one traditionalist, the other "socialist." So far as it can be deciphered, the program represents chiefly the "socialist" view. Members de-

G. M. LANZILLOTTI has been an assistant in government at Louisiana State University and a reporter in various Southern and Northern cities. He has been especially interested in youth activities and at one time was president of the Mazzini Youth. He has just returned from several months in Italy.

clare that the M. S. I. is a movement of "patriotic morality" which seeks to rebuild the nation. National Fascism, they say, is one of the three movements that are "legitimate" in Italian affairs, the other two being socialism and Catholicism. The "legitimate" forces must battle for supremacy until one is in control and able to absorb or destroy the other two. Actually, they add, Fascism is the only one of the three capable of absorbing the others and thereby preserving their constructive aspects in defiance of the politicians who exploit these movements in the interest of classes or pressure groups.

IN DOMESTIC affairs the M. S. I. would revive the radical fourteen points of the *Repubblica Sociale Italiana*, as the post-surrender Mussolini government called itself. It would restore the corporate state in some form, outlaw all parties, and abolish Parliament. In foreign policy it advocates close relations with Franco Spain and the alliance of Italy, Franco, and Perón in a Latin bloc. It insists that all former Italian colonies, including Ethiopia, must be recovered. Denouncing the Strasbourg idea of European unity, it maintains that only a Fascist International can unite Europe and link it to Africa. Italy, because of its long Fascist experience and its geographical and cultural position in the heartland of Eurafica, would play a dominant role in the effort to unite the two continents.

The European Recovery Program and the Atlantic Pact are venomously criticized in M. S. I. statements of foreign policy. The E. R. P. represents, in the words of M. S. I. Deputy Giorgio Almirante, "an economic dictatorship which the United States seeks to impose on all Atlantic Pact nations." It is designed solely for the profit of United States capitalists and exporters. Any benefits derived by the Italian people are incidental. The Atlantic Pact, according to the M. S. I., marks the culmination of United States ambitions in Italy. Deprived of all independence in military affairs, Italy will become a mere colony of America. Moreover, the pact links Italy to countries which are its enemies, notably Britain, which is principally responsible for the nation's present plight. And it would place an Italian army at the disposal of United States capitalists when they start a war against the Soviet Union, a conflict of no direct concern to Italy.

On two fundamental points the new Fascism is adamant and united—the necessity of establishing dictatorship at home and of preparing for war abroad. Italy will have to fight a war for its own aggrandizement. It does not really matter who the enemy is to be; the new Duce will decide that, although the Missini express the hope that it will be Britain. On more specific questions the organization is divided; the traditionalist faction is trying to check a "socialist" and republican trend which opposes the return of the monarchy, views the clergy with hostility, and declares itself to be anti-capitalist.

Until recently the cleavage has given the movement a different aspect in each region. In Calabria the Missini have cooperated with Communists in seizing the land, while in Milan they have bombed Communist Party offices. The Roman chapters have long been republican and "socialist," but in Sicily the party has inclined toward the monarchy. In general terms the M. S. I. denounces communism, but the recent congress of its trade-union arm adopted a socialist program and called for the unity of labor. M. S. I. unions work within the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor.

Though the "socialist" line seems to prevail, only two of the leaders of the movement are considered Socialists. One is the party's former secretary and its most prominent figure, Giorgio Almirante, once aid to Telesio Interlandi, a rabid Jew-baiter of Mussolini's anti-Semitic period. Almirante himself was editor of two anti-Semitic weeklies. After the fall of the Mussolini government in July, 1943, he joined Badoglio's Ministry of Popular Culture. Two months later he deserted and reappeared in a high post in the Ministry of Culture of Mussolini's *Repubblica Sociale*. Almirante was recently replaced as party secretary by Augusto de Marsanich, a *squadrista* of the 1920's, later an official of Fascist trade unions, editor of the Fascist labor journal, *Lavoro Fascista*, and member of the Grand Council of Fascism, Italy's ruling body during the Mussolini period. De Marsanich is friendly to both wings of the party and for several years has been editor of its official organ, *Lotta Politica*.

The leading exponent of traditional Fascism in the M. S. I. is the Milan industrialist Mario Marina, who joined the movement after his expulsion from Guglielmo Giannini's Uomo Qualunque Party. Marina controls the important M. S. I. weekly in Milan, *Meridione d'Italia*, and is regarded as Italian industry's chief representative in the party. Remaining more in the background is another representative of big business—Count Giovanni Armenise, owner of two Rome dailies, *Giornale d'Italia* and *La Tribuna*, and stockholder in a vast number of other enterprises.

Distaste for the M. S. I.'s socialist tendencies has made most industrialists hesitant about supporting it. The party's leaders are seeking a solution that will permit ties with big business but not alienate the masses, by whom it wants to be regarded as a proletarian "socialist" force, a "national" spokesman for the "disinherited"—a word common to both the M. S. I. and the Communist vocabulary today. The resignation of Almirante, a drab, delicate figure, as party secretary, was a move toward this end. The new secretary, De Marsanich, a man more than sixty years old, is expected to serve as a stop-gap until the movement is united under a permanent Duce. Insiders declare that this leader has been found in Prince Junio Valerio Borghese, legendary hero of Fascist sabotage in the last years of the war, later an exile in

Argentina. Borghese was one of the few officers of the navy to side with Mussolini at the time of the rift between dictator and king.

M. S. I. leaders are conscious of the opportunity which Italy presents today. In the hands of the two largest parties—Christian Democrats and Communists—every public question is being reduced to an issue between the Pope and Stalin. The Italian public gives evidence of being tired of this situation. There is little doubt, for example, that slow but constant defections are weakening the Communists. The Socialists, who should benefit from this development, are immobilized by a continuing three-way split. Ironically enough, seven years after the downfall of Mussolini the new Fascism appears ready to fill the gap and play the role of the much-desired "third force."

BESIDE THE POINT

THE most gratifying communication I've received all summer is the notice that was enclosed with my last bill from the New York Telephone Company. It reads as follows:

The New York City Sales Tax Law provides that a 2 per cent tax is to be billed on charges for local telephone service, including the charges for message units, furnished within New York City.

Message units used on calls from New York City to Southern Westchester and Nassau County, which are non-taxable, cannot be separated from those used on calls to New York City points, therefore, the 2 per cent sales tax is applied against the total charge for all message units billed.

However, if the percentage of your total message units which are for suburban calls is high enough and your charge for message units is large enough you may be entitled to a refund of part of the New York City sales tax. For example, if 5 per cent of your total message units are for suburban calls and your message unit charge is \$10 you are not taxable on 5 per cent of \$10 or on 50 cents. The tax on 50 cents is one cent so you would be entitled to a one cent refund. If you wish to claim a refund, your Business Office representative will be glad to discuss the matter with you.

I couldn't think of anything more exciting than to get a refund from a utility company—unless it would be to discover, just once, that it was the bank that had made the error that prevents my checkbook from balancing. So I dropped everything and went into action. First I made a lot of telephone calls to Southern Westchester and Nassau County; and then I called "my" Business Office representative.

He had a charming voice, which made me feel right at home—where I was anyway, of course, because you

don't conduct these delicate operations from a telephone booth.

"I'll bet you can't guess," I said gaily, "who *this* is."

"Don't tell me," he replied, "that you're a subscriber who wishes to claim a refund."

"You're so right," I answered. "At least I'm *almost* sure that I'm entitled to a refund of one cent."

"That's wonderful," he rejoined. "I was telling our public-relations man only this morning that that notice would bring results. But you should know"—and his voice was really solemn—"that you have the distinction of being the very first subscriber to take advantage of this unprecedented offer."

"That's me," I shot back, "first in war, first in peace, and first to call the Business Office representative of the New York Telephone Company to claim a refund of one cent."

He laughed heartily, and there was a good deal of badinage back and forth—good, badinage, and indifferent, but fun—until I reminded him that after all this was a business call.

He howled at that and then said, "Oh yes, you want to discuss a refund with me. Perhaps we could settle the matter over a cup of tea."

"You mean A. T. and T.?" I asked slyly—I knew the New York Telephone Company had an office in the A. T. and T. building.

As I expected, he went off into perfect gales of laughter, and was gone so long that I thought of calling WE 6-1212 to find out when the wind was due to change. But he finally fought his way back, and we agreed to meet in the lobby of the A. T. and T. at tea time on Tuesday.

The lobby of the A. T. and T. is simply magnificent. It's a regular forest of huge marble columns towering ever so high. I'd never been there before except as an interloper—the building is near my office and sometimes when it's pouring I duck in and sneak through on my way back from lunch. By this time my Business Office representative was pouring, which made all the difference. A tea-table was set up beside one of the columns and I've never had a more pleasant discussion. Tea and repartee until I thought I'd burst.

But I didn't get the refund. I refused to take it in the end. I couldn't help noticing that, since my last illicit visit, most of the central portion of that stately lobby had been sacrificed to ordinary office use. It was obvious to anyone that the telephone company was having to scrimp and save. And I told my Business Office representative that I couldn't take even one cent from a company that had to cut corners and clutter columns in order to pay refunds to subscribers.

He was so touched that he ordered more tea. And he let me use his fountain pen to sign the waiver.

I did ask him a favor, though. I asked him if he could

have my wrong number changed—I mean the number people think they're calling when they call mine. I told him frankly that, loyal as I am to the New York Telephone Company, I couldn't be responsible, and neither could my analyst, for what might happen if I kept on getting calls at two in the morning from people who thought they were dialing a police station and insisted

on speaking to Detective Beagle. He promised to do something about it, and he was as good as his word. My wrong number has been changed—and now I get called at eleven in the morning by people who think they're dialing a baby-sitting bureau and ask me what I'm doing tonight. It's much pleasanter.

M. M.

"God Will Slap You Cockeyed"

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

C. (FOR "CASH") Thomas Patten and his wife, Bebe, who had been trained in the Four Square Gospel preached by Aimée Semple McPherson, bounced into Oakland, California, in a broken-down jalopy in 1943, at the mid-point of the war. The Patten show started slowly but soon shifted into high. The debonair, thirty-seven-year-old Patten was full of plans: his revivalists were going to build a hospital, a refuge for orphans and retired ministers, a radio station, and a theological seminary—projects that required a great deal of money. War-rich Oakland was generous and glib. Between 1944 and 1948 Patten deposited \$1,354,706.75 in personal bank accounts. Over \$250,000 was contributed just for the purchase of the Oakland Women's City Club. "This building," said Patten, "is going to be Gawd's house until the hinges rust off the door." Three years later the building was sold for \$450,000, and Patten promptly stashed the money away.

Love offerings for Bebe Patten—special collections taken for her support—ranged from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month, while the regular monthly church collections averaged about \$40,000. Over a period of five years, \$50,000 was collected in tuition and registration fees at the Pattens' Bible school. When Patten wanted anything, he simply took up a collection: \$269.70 for the purchase of Bozo, an English bulldog; \$150 for Peter, a Boston bull. If extraordinary expenses had to be met, as when Mrs. Patten gave birth to twin daughters, a special collection was taken. When "Cash" had to pick up \$3,000 worth of I. O. U.'s from a Reno gambling casino, he simply borrowed the money from members of his congregation. All this, and more, came out during the record-breaking eighty-four-day trial in which the complaints of disgruntled ex-converts finally resulted, on June 29, in Patten's conviction on five counts of grand theft. He received a five-to-fifty-year jail sentence, and is appealing.

The chunky "Cash" is an extraordinary showman.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of *California: the Great Exception* and other books.

With his hamhock-and-turnip-greens accent, his penchant for flashy clothes, and his Western drawl, "Cash" was just the man to kid the folks into loosening their purse strings. Bouncing around the stage in a tight-fitting tuxedo and cowboy boots, he would shout: "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!" His collection spiels often lasted twice as long as his wife's "sermons." The Pattens went in for college yells and brass bands. Platter-passing was assigned to teen-age Bible-school students dolled up in fancy block "P"—for Patten—sweaters.

"Cash" didn't always coax and kid; he knew when and how to be tough. On one occasion when he had been able to raise only \$1250 of \$3514.60 needed for a special project, he suddenly shouted at the congregation: "God is going to slap you cockeyed in about two minutes!" Later in the meeting he thundered: "This is where the fireworks start. God has been talking to one man here for five minutes. I don't know whether he is going to knock him off his seat or not. God is going to . . ." And with that, according to the trial transcript, he broke off with "Bless you, Jesus," and the people said "Amen." Evidently, the sinner had reached for his wallet.

During Patten's trial, the corridors were lined almost daily with Bible-bearing, hymn-singing, "P"-sweated students, who cheered when "Cash," in one of two dozen different suits but always in cowboy boots, strolled into the courtroom. One day his wife—clad in a blue pleated skirt, a blue sweater with gold-colored "P" embroidered above gold crosses, and a gold-colored blouse—drove up to the courthouse in her Cadillac limousine and was escorted to the courtroom by a "guard of honor" of a hundred students. In the nineteenth week of the trial, "Cash" had a heart attack, and the last sessions were held in a hospital auditorium, with the defendant, wearing pale champagne-colored pajamas, rolled in on a metal wheelchair.

The theory of the prosecution was that the Pattens had exerted an "hypnotic spell" over their "emotionally sincere" and "intensely religious" followers, but certain occurrences cast doubt on the validity of this theory.

Toward the close of the trial, Bebe Patten delivered a "sermon"—with eighteen Bible students in attendance—over a pink rose that had been taken from the funeral casket of a woman who had quit the movement. At the cemetery, a student had snatched the rose as the casket passed by. "This is just one of many flowers that will come from the graves of those opposing us," said the evangelist; "it came from the casket of that woman . . . Now she has no power to change God's word; she is praying in Hell tonight." As she predicted that retribution would fall upon other "enemies," Bebe's listeners rocked back and forth, clapping their hands and calling out "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" Those who oppose Bebe Patten, they were told, are "sinful and ungodly" followers of Cain. "God has chosen to reveal his power to those who are with Him. Those who are against Him shall go to a premature death." After "Cash" had been convicted, one of the prosecution witnesses received another rose—tied to a rock that had crashed through the window of his home.

The suggestion of violence recurs in many of Bebe's sermons. She once told a follower that she preferred the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth to the Christian belief in turning the other cheek. "I have always regretted," she said, "that I did not live in the Old Testament days, because you could take your weapons and go to war. . . . In this battle we are having right now [the trial], my prayer is that the Lord will rise up and smite someone." Then she told of a minister who had opposed a Patten revival meeting in Decatur, Alabama, only to drop dead the next day. "And this outfit in Oakland has touched the spirit of God. I'm looking for some people to drop dead. My prayer is: Lord, smite just one to encourage us—just anyone to show us You are on our side. The Lord knows that if He had left it to us we would have done it already. I think fifty would include them all. There's nothing so encouraging as to see the Lord walk into battle and slay some one. Lord, knock someone cold, no matter how unimportant, just as a sign You're on our side."

Here is a voice which speaks eloquently to the social outcast, the urban misfit; to those lost and forsaken guilt-ridden people who like to be abused and imposed upon and frightened "half out of their wits." It is the voice of authority speaking with sternness and fire to less articulate warped personalities, commanding them to obey, demanding the surrender of their souls and wills. If the Pattens imposed on their congregation, the congregation invited the imposition. To be sure, a few finally broke away, but most of them stayed and are still loyal. Bebe is still conducting services. Even if Patten's conviction should be upheld, there will be other Boris Karloff evangelists in the big tent, preaching the theology of psychic fascism and threatening that God will knock you cockeyed if you don't contribute.

SCIENCE NOTEBOOK

BY LEONARD ENGEL

WHETHER by accident or design, shortly after the publication of P. M. S. Blackett's controversial "Fear, War, and the Bomb" a year and a half ago, the United States Atomic Energy Commission announced that it would soon issue an official report on the effects of atomic weapons. This report has finally come out. It will be something of a surprise to many, for on the whole it bears out Professor Blackett's contention that the atom bomb may be a destructive agent of unprecedented power but is not the "absolute weapon."

"The Effects of Atomic Weapons," which was prepared by a large group of government and non-government specialists under the direction of the Los Alamos laboratory, makes it clear that the huge casualty rolls of Hiroshima and Nagasaki would probably not be duplicated if the bomb were used again, save perhaps in a surprise attack at the start of a war. No fewer than half of the deaths at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were due to "flash burns" from the intense heat of the atomic explosion, and another quarter to burns received in the ensuing fires. Many if not most of these, the report shows, would have been prevented by the use of shallow shelters.

Professor Blackett's book failed to demonstrate convincingly that the radioactivity danger had been grossly exaggerated. This is done in the AEC study, which brings out three significant points. First, a comparatively thin cover, eighteen inches of earth or the equivalent, is a protection against the so-called prompt radiation—the massive radiation released during the explosion itself—from an atom bomb exploded at an altitude of 2,000 feet, as at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The prompt radiation caused more than 20,000 deaths in the two Japanese cities, where few people were under cover. Second, the delayed radiation—from fission products after the explosion—caused no deaths in Japan, nor would any result from similar bombings in future. Third, the use of radioactive clouds and other bizarre radiological weapons is highly improbable. Figures in the report indicate that extremely large quantities of radioactive material—more than could be supplied by a plant many times the size of Hanford—would be needed to produce a lethal radiation dosage throughout a single city of moderate size. Even if the necessary amount of radioactive material could be produced, its dispersal would pose insuperable technical problems. Incidentally, the conclusions of the AEC study are supported by the independent calculations of the Austrian physicist Hans Thirring, who has written much and accurately about other phases of atomic warfare.

The AEC report assumes that atomic bombs would be exploded high in the air, as at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If they should be used under water, the most destructive feature of an atomic explosion, the super-powerful blast, would be enormously diminished. It appears, therefore, that, as Professor Blackett asserted, the atom bomb is basically a super-colossal piece of TNT of limited military value.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Lattimore vs. McCarthy

ORDEAL BY SLANDER. By Owen Lattimore. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

THIS is the case history of a man who was suddenly singled out as the target for the smear campaign of a publicity-seeking demagogue. Mr. Lattimore begins with the first news of the charges against him and recounts the grinding course of his battle, in the newspapers and the Senate committee, to repel McCarthy's shifting and successive lies. Mrs. Lattimore contributes a chapter which describes the strain upon the family of the victim of such a campaign.

A book like this cannot satisfy those who are looking for conclusive proof of Lattimore's innocence—Lattimore did not write it as a document of defense—but it succeeds completely in dramatizing the menace of McCarthyism to intellectual freedom and the vitality of the American system.

As Lattimore's book was printed before the release of the findings of the Tydings-McMahon Senatorial subcommittee, it does not record the satisfaction with which he must have read the majority's unprecedented exorcism of McCarthy—nor what must have been his disgust at the Senate's reception of the report. Senator Lodge's dissenting report admitted that the investigation had failed to prove any of the charges against Lattimore, but it stressed that the investigation was inconclusive, and it did not openly acknowledge that such inconclusiveness can only mean that McCarthy failed to sustain the burden of proof which rested upon him as the accuser.

It is far easier, as Lattimore points out, to find proof that a man is a Communist, if in fact he is one, than it is for an innocent man to find proof that he is not. How could you, indeed, affirmatively prove that you are not and have never been a Communist? No alibi is possible for this charge, because no specific time is fixed for the alleged misdeed. You may prove that your ac-

tivities and public statements have been anti-Communist, and you may bring eminent and impeccable friends to vouch for you, but your accusers will argue, as McCarthy argued, that you have deceived your friends and that your public role is camouflage. And such treachery and deviousness may actually be expected from Communists.

The Communist tactic of infiltration and the McCarthy tactic of false accusation work together to pose a bitter dilemma for honest Americans. Since there are certainly unrevealed Communists scattered throughout the country who possess charm and talent, one can never be sure that a blind surge to the defense of any specific accused person will not strengthen the cause of the McCarthys. For example, there is no way of assessing the damage which the Hiss case has done to American liberalism. At the outset of the Lattimore affair, who besides Lattimore's wife and closest friends could have been certain that Lattimore would not turn out to be another Alger Hiss, or, far worse, a man still working for the cause of communism?

In such circumstances liberals are faced with unpleasant alternatives. One is to stand clear and let the victim protect himself as best he can. This choice amounts to sacrificing the victim, for very few individuals have the resources to combat a Congressional slander without aid. The other choice is to jump into the battle on the assumption of innocence, and thus to run the risk that compromising facts will emerge later which will tend to discredit the champions as well as the person originally accused.

It is noteworthy that Lattimore's lawyers, who served without compensation in what they regarded as a public cause, chose the course of faith. Lattimore was in Afghanistan at the time of McCarthy's first assault, and Mrs. Lattimore, feeling that defense could not wait, consulted Abe Fortas. The Lattimores had met Fortas once, at a dinner party. Fortas's first question about Lattimore was "Will he fight?" Only later did he ask Mrs. Lattimore another ques-

tion indirectly: "Look here," Fortas said, "I don't want to find out that when Owen was a boy in his 'teens, he foolishly joined something that turned out afterwards to be Communist." Mrs. Lattimore reports that she laughed and replied, "You don't need to worry on that score."

Fortas's concern with Lattimore's willingness to fight is significant. The important lesson of the Lattimore case, though it was clear long before, is that against the McCarthy brand of privileged libel and of demagoguery mere defense is not enough. The response must be positive and aggressive. It is the job of decent people to make reckless and unscrupulous charges expensive to the demagogue by exposing his motives, sources, and tactics. Furthermore, it should become standard operating procedure in these cases to investigate thoroughly the personal background of the demagogue. Demagoguery and personal honesty rarely are blended in the same vessel. To date, McCarthy's shady income-tax record and his little arrangement with Lustron have been uncovered. The answer to the big lie is the big exposure.

Lattimore suspects that people harboring personal grudges or professional jealousy fed information and misinformation to McCarthy. Similarly, Lattimore got unsolicited information from persons who dislike McCarthy and his witnesses. It would be interesting to know to what extent McCarthy was victimized by his informants. There is no doubt of his willingness to lie and bluff, but the chances are that he would not knowingly have stuck out his neck as far as he did. Somebody may have oversold him on the case against Lattimore. It may well be that the Lattimore affair was a case of a layman hitching a ride upon McCarthy's Congressional privilege against prosecution for libel.

In any event, the Lattimore incident has illuminated once again the need for some remedy for the tactic of the Congressional smear. The Tydings-McMahon report recommended appointment of a joint committee of House and Senate to consider legislation which

would prevent the Congressional privilege from being used as "a license for character assassination of American citizens." As Lattimore points out in his conclusion, Congress has elaborate rules to control the denunciation of members by members, and he suggests that there should also be rules to protect private citizens. Accusations against individuals, he believes, should be made privately to investigative agencies of the government, or publicly in such a manner that they can be tested by libel suits.

If McCarthy's shenanigans bring about a reform in Congressional committee procedure or a remedy for Congressional defamation, McCarthy will have rendered the country a service he never intended. He may yet go down in history as an attenuated virus which, having been injected into the bloodstream of democracy, stimulated the development of its protective antibodies.

PHILIP MANDEL

A Japanese Conscript

LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY. By Hanama Tasaki. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

THIS unusual novel was written by a Hawaiian-born Japanese conscripted into the Imperial Army in 1936. It tells the story of two years of campaigning in China—the training, garrison duty, guerrilla hunting, boredom, homesickness, a few giddy hours of leave in Chinese towns, desperate fighting around Canton, and homecoming. It has been called a Japanese "Naked and the Dead," but except for its faithful description of army life, it bears little resemblance to Mailer's novel, being almost straight reporting rather than fiction.

Although the English is faultless, one has the feeling that it still needs to be translated from the Japanese. Tasaki himself has merely transliterated, while a trained translator would have dealt with elusive subjective connotations as well. Thus the vigorous colloquial affirmative, *so da yo*, would not have been rendered, "That is so" in answer to the question, "Is your wife at home?" Nor would the honorifics have appeared in the Gilbert and Sullivan manner making the text hideous with such titles

as Honorable Private First Class Gunji. In English, if a soldier speaks of a comrade as Private Gunji, he is being very formal indeed.

Japan is still a semi-feudal society, and nowhere more so than in its army. Confucianism has deeply affected all personal relations, so that status, which is almost inalterable, is far more important than individual character, the stuff out of which our novels are made. "Long The Imperial Way" stresses the ritual of rank. For this reason it will often seem excessively formal, although like much contemporary Japanese writing it is capable of fierce realism.

The Japanese mind does not at its core believe in change in human relationships. It omits, therefore, the search for the cause and consequences of the event without which there can be no true narrative. Characters can neither grow nor disintegrate. The only change that occurs to Takeo (not *in* Takeo), the chief character, is that for half the story he is a first-year soldier, beaten and bullied by all, while for the second half he is a second-year soldier entitled to bully new recruits. Nothing becomes; everything merely is.

That is why "Long the Imperial Way" is really a series of fascinating sketches and not a novel. The rigorous training, the long marches, the callous treatment of the natives—as Tasaki calls them—the orgies of drinking and sexual release—one sees these as they existed, not as they affected individuals. But the story does provide a remarkably clear and exact picture of the psychological attitudes of the Japanese soldier toward the Emperor, war, and self-sacrifice; topics on which Americans have written a great deal of rubbish. Our theological interpretation of "Emperor-worship" is ludicrous to educated Japanese, and indeed the Emperor's MacArthur-directed disapotheosis in 1946 brought smiles to their lips. Here is Tasaki's account:

The act of obeisance to the Imperial Palace had never satisfied him wholly until his strange experience on the transport when he had seen a vision of his home while bowing. . . . Since then, the act had come to take on an understandable and inspiring significance, and it left him calm and more determined than ever to fulfill his obligations in the service, for the object of worship . . . was not the Emperor—it was his home and his par-

ents—and he had long ago decided that it was amply worth sacrificing his life to fight for them.

This explanation makes the famous *banzai* charges more intelligible.

And the last few chapters, which describe bitter fighting around Canton, are wonderfully sharp and vivid battle scenes. Tasaki deals with the tactical microcosm so that we can always see clearly every event in it. There is cowardice and failure and retreat, but no fog of battle, no red haze. The suicide of Lieutenant Kondo between the lines after his men have been forced back is a memorable scene; so also is the portrayal of Kondo's men recharging the lost stronghold.

Those who can read "Long the Imperial Way" in its cultural context will gain as in perhaps no other volume a vivid picture of how the Japanese troops felt and thought during the early stages of the war.

HAROLD STRAUSS

Hector Berlioz

BERLIOZ AND THE ROMANTIC CENTURY. By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Company. Two Volumes. \$12.50.

THIS is a fighting book, fighting to win for a great man and composer the recognition that his extraordinary achievements have long been denied. For this reviewer it is a holy war, and Mr. Barzun is on the right side, my side. I opened his enormous book, then, with full sympathy, but I closed it with something more than disappointment. These two volumes of elaborate scholarship, varied interests, and great erudition make up a full army in themselves, and there is plenty of fighting accomplished; but Mr. Barzun seems to have missed the real battle. He has wasted his forces on the wrong terrain.

Berlioz must be vindicated first at the ears of the enemy. It is the greatness of his music that must be demonstrated to ears for one reason or another closed to its beauties. And in this the book fails. There are, to be sure, discussions of the music: fifteen pages on "Symphonie Fantastique," ten pages on "Harold in Italy," and so on. But of actual musical analysis, by which I mean any kind of description of what the music really

sounds like, there is very little, and that little is lean and perfunctory. Sometimes one can hardly recognize the piece under discussion. This description of the Offertory from the "Requiem" for instance: "... while the orchestral accompaniment, treated in fugal style, weaves noble arabesques around the chiaroscuro plaint." No mention of the thrilling break in the fugato at the words *de poenis*, when the whole wind band, violins, and violas, in unison, break into a magnificent broad melody; more important, no description of the formal effect of this change of texture, or of the dramatic effect it achieves in conjunction with the words—in short, no attention to the moment-by-moment musical experience. In a thousand pages there ought to be room for more than this, and when there turns out not to be, one begins to wonder about the thousand pages. And the fact is that the whole book, so luxuriously upholstered in all the externals, strikes one finally as hollow at the center.

On closer inspection the upholstery turns out to be of something less than the best quality. The scholarship is bound to impress and has already impressed many; so that a little attention to its machinery seems in order here. For the methods of scholarship we all have great respect, but the word I would use for Mr. Barzun's attitude is not respect but infatuation, and it has robbed him of his sense of proportion and discrimination. A bibliography of 1,474 items seems excessive even for a book of this size, but the fault lies with the scholarly method that has made it necessary. The text is cluttered with quotations from any and all books read, the footnotes with every sort of tangential irrelevancy that has come to the mind or the filing cabinet of a man widely read in several fields. Nothing is said at first hand if it can be said at second hand. Thus time and again you will notice that the material between quotation marks is commonplace or weakly phrased, and one is struck with the triviality of most of the material in the footnotes, which at times reaches to free association. We want to feel that a scholar has read *all* the books, good and bad, followed up every lead, no matter how irrelevant. But what we want to read, in his publications, is the wheat of his research and not the chaff.

Thoroughness we admire, but discrimination we demand.

Mr. Barzun's most impressive gifts are as a cultural historian, and it is in the pages that portray the spirit and the crowded incident of the "romantic century" that the book excels. Here the texture of detail is rich, the narrative technique energetic and exciting. The intricate politics of Opera and Conservatory are analyzed in engrossing detail. We learn more than enough about the actual mechanics of organizing a concert to appreciate Mr. Barzun's praise of Berlioz as an administrator. And the accounts of the various concert tours give an impressive breadth to the whole story. The reader, one may add, will gain the most from this material by using it as a full documentation of Berlioz' "Memoir" itself. Nor is it mean praise to say that Mr. Barzun has provided a rich context for one of Berlioz' masterpieces.

For an insight into the personality, the intelligence, and the sensibility of Berlioz the book to read is still the "Memoir." Though the background in the new book is full of life, the large figure in front is stiff and a little too solemn. At first it is refreshing to get a new Berlioz to counteract the wild exhibitionist of the history books. Later one begins to miss the superb daring, the satire, the high spirit of the "Memoir." And finally one sees the process of distortion taking place before one's eyes. Mr. Barzun shows us Berlioz in a strait-jacket of ideas, his spirit shrunk to fit the scheme. And not only the spirit but the facts too.

Berlioz recorded that his "first musical impression" took place at the ceremony of his first communion. Here is Mr. Barzun's magnification of this simple memory.

... this may seem like a slip of the pen; for the child had had musical impressions and even musical training before that day. ... What Berlioz means about the ceremony is that it was his first experience of a complete musical occasion. ... Its impressiveness lay in the use of music for a meaningful ceremony in man's life. The memory he kept so vividly ... reveals an instinctive choice. From the outset he felt that music was one of the necessities of life, and not a decoration or artificial pleasure. ... Young Hector had every chance to follow the bourgeois version of the courtly idea—music for sociability—and to become just another French com-

poser of parlor songs and light opera. Instead ... he obeyed his temperament in following the muse to her native haunts, where religion had already become her ally.

If Berlioz was indeed mistaken, there is a very simple explanation. The ceremony was itself impressive, as ceremonies are; to a musically sensitive boy it was musically impressive; and the combination of circumstances was more than enough to displace other memories, yielding a "first musical impression." But it is hard to believe that Mr. Barzun is interested in simple explanations.

He is interested rather in developing a pet train of thought, a definition of romanticism, and not a very distinguished one at that. In the process, that first communion is inflated out of all recognition, and there is projected into the boy Berlioz a conceptualizing self-consciousness which there is no evidence that he possessed. And this is just the beginning. The crude antithesis between music as a necessity and music as decoration turns up later to magnify Berlioz' revolt against his parents in the choice of a career; in the discussion of program music it serves as a blunt distinction between eighteenth-century music and nineteenth-century music; and it helps to erect, behind the composition of the "Funeral and Triumphal Symphony," a pretentious theory of music for large national celebrations. It is on these and similar schematizations, indeed, that the intellectual substance of this whole book depends. Seldom distinguished in themselves, they distract Mr. Barzun's attention from more important concerns, from psychological analysis of the man and musical analysis of the works. And whenever they appear, they bring along the same inflation and distortion of the man and his mind.

Mr. Barzun has created a hero in his own image. It is a common failing, perhaps inevitable. But to those out of sympathy with Mr. Barzun's conceptual schemes, to those who know Berlioz from the "Memoir" and Turner's biography, above all to those anxious for new insights into some great music, these thousand pages will seem a dubious homage.

ROBERT E. GARIS

Jefferson and Madison

JAMES MADISON: FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION, 1787-1800.

By Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$6.

JEFFERSON: THE SCENE OF EUROPE, 1784 to 1789. By Marie Kimball. Coward-McCann. \$6.

JEFFERSON AND MADISON. By Adrienne Koch. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THE fame of Thomas Jefferson has long suffered from a misestimate, and that of James Madison from an underestimate, but the course of these curiously related errors is at last drawing to a close. Jefferson, it is now clear, was not merely a political leader and lawgiver, however important he may be in these roles, but a many-sided representative of the spirit and culture of his era, whose ultimate significance must be studied in the complete round of his interests and achievements. Madison has been removed more recently from the shadow of his friend, and in clearer light it is now possible to see how large, decisive, and original was his part in the statesmanship of his time. These three books are powerful contributions to this reappraisal of the two men. Though differing in theme and point of view, they reinforce each other, and the pleasure of reading any one of them is enhanced by reading the others.

"James Madison: Father of the Constitution" is the third volume of Mr. Brant's extraordinarily precise and detailed biography of the fourth President. It opens with Madison's arrival at Philadelphia, early in May, 1787, to attend the Constitutional Convention, and follows him closely through the next twelve eventful and critical years. One-third of it is devoted to the formation of the Constitution, including a discussion of the work of the more important members of the convention and a fresh appraisal of their achievement as a whole; and the rest of the volume treats Madison's part in *The Federalist* and the ratification proceedings in Virginia, the period of close association with President Washington, the rupture with Hamilton, and the subsequent collaboration with Jefferson, closing with an analysis of the Virginia Resolutions. A few topics that fall within the chronological scope of the volume are evi-

dently reserved for treatment in its successor. Precision and detail are by no means its only virtues. It contains much that is both new and significant. Though mainly political, it gives ample attention to Madison's private life and to his work as a farmer. Madison's own point of view is preserved in the handling of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, and his other great contemporaries, and Madison himself is given his proper place without any unseemly jostling of other men. The facts are arranged to tell the story with a minimum of comment. The style is lucid, sober, and readable, with many a touch of an exquisitely dry humor. Most readers will be interested chiefly in Mr. Brant's fresh and suggestive account of the Constitution, but the whole book is of a high order. Completed on the scale in which it has so far been carried forward, this will be one of the most lastingly useful of American political biographies.

Mrs. Kimball's skilfully articulated, rigorously authentic, charmingly written, and felicitously illustrated account of Jefferson's five years in Europe lives fully up to its title—itsself a borrowing of Jeffersonian phraseology—for Jefferson in his European setting is its controlling theme. Her book has an astonishing unity, presenting with admirable vividness a panorama of the Europe that Jefferson passed through for five years, imprinting his brain for future use with everything that his keen and discriminating senses reported. As in her previous volumes on his earlier career, she has succeeded beyond all other biographers in depicting him in his social and cultural milieu. In this undertaking it must be admitted that she has received insufficient help from Jefferson himself, who habitually recorded how much he paid the cicerone and said nothing about what he saw and what he thought about it. But from guidebooks, memoirs, letters, and the travel literature of the eighteenth century—sometimes going far afield in her quest—she has reconstructed in faithful detail nearly every building, vineyard, or other locality that he visited and many of the men and women whom he met. Quotations from the sources and her own narrative are woven together harmoniously. Mrs. Kimball deals competently with Jefferson's official mission, but it is his

total experience of the complex, variegated, picturesque culture of the Old World that interests her most. That, of course, is the proper attitude of a biographer.

Madison is only an off-stage figure for Mrs. Kimball, the sender and recipient of various letters, and the addressee of many a box of books and other fascinating objects; but he holds the center of the stage in Miss Koch's vigorous, discerning, much-needed study of the influence of Madison on Jefferson. The prevailing notion has been that the flow of ideas was mostly in the opposite direction, but how that misconception has ever survived an attentive reading of the correspondence of the two friends is hard to explain. Miss Koch's book is not a complete history of their friendship; she is much more concerned about their ideas than about practical politics and other mundane affairs. Here is an analysis of the interaction of two political minds, bred in the same general environment and tradition, sensitively responsive to each other and unwavering in their mutual admiration, yet preserving to the end their separate individuality and independence. She is at her best in her chapters on Madison's tactful criticism of Jefferson's doctrine that "the earth belongs to the living"—which Jefferson considered to be his own discovery, although it most probably was not—and on the formulation of the

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Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions. Her thesis that their great work was truly a collaboration may be regarded as established. To it she has brought a clear mind and valuable sources hitherto neglected, but it has been implicit also in Mr. Brant's extensive work.

GEORGE GENZMER

Movies Made Respectable

STAGE TO SCREEN. By A. Nicholas Vardac. Harvard University Press. \$6.

IT IS a pitiful sight to see the movies made respectable. This young, vulgar, bawdy sprout of American ingenuity and ballyhoo, which set its roots in the proletariat and flowered with the middle class, is now in danger of desiccation among the academicians. Professor Vardac wields a labored pen upon a labored theme, and when the library dust settles, we can make out no sign of life. His argument, repeated generously on almost every page, is that the action melodrama and the authentic spectacle of the nineteenth-century stage provided source and spirit for the early American film. As we grant him his rather obvious point—reluctantly, for he protests too much—we wonder why, to make it, he has worked over old prompt books, old newspapers, and old notions. His one attempt at a lively idea, "that the motion picture finally made its appearance in response to the insistence of social pressure for a greater pictorial realism in the theater" and as the result of an "aesthetic tension," turns out to be an outdated determinism "proved" by a chronological sequence.

Professor Vardac complains that Lewis Jacobs, in his "Rise of American Film," neglects the influence of stage melodrama. It should be said that Jacobs's history is at every point humanly relevant, technically competent, and full of the intimacy and economy that "Stage to Screen" egregiously lacks.

NATHAN GLICK

Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

ONLY an actress with a great range, not only of feeling but also of bodily and facial and vocal expression, could cope successfully with the title role of Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" (Fulton Theater). The part of Ellida abounds in rich but very diverse elements. There is the woman brought up on a lonely island, who is at once frightened and fascinated by the sea, who feels that she belongs to it—as it is personified in a sailor to whom she has pledged herself—and that her fate is to be drawn back to the sea and to him; and there is the woman still caught in adolescence who will not accept the responsibilities of an adult and puts the blame for her own inadequacy upon her two stepdaughters, their dead mother, and her husband. To Ellida in this aspect the sea represents not fate but escape.

These diverse elements are not very well fused in the part as written; one feels, though one is not too sure, that an actress of power and scope might be able to fuse them (it would be interesting to know how Duse handled the part). However that may be, Luise Rainer is quite unequal to the task. She has prettiness and grace, and she impersonates the sad, bewitched mermaid well enough—too well, in fact, but the extremes of mood of the neurotic woman are quite beyond her. She remains the sad, rather bloodless mermaid throughout, even when she is presumably being swept by gusts of joy and well-being or racked by the darker emotions. She has no variety of expression and conveys no sense of a personality. Also it is difficult, much of the time, to hear what she is saying. As a result, the lady from the sea comes to seem a very tiresome sort of person; the complicated and interesting character that Ibsen had in mind is simply not present.

The play itself is absorbing, however, and should be seen. It is full of ideas and insights, many of them prophetic of our contemporary preoccupation with matters psychological, and not at all outdated. And though the theme is very serious, there is a nice play of wit that

is both intelligent and sharp. The resolution, which is "right" in both psychological and dramatic terms, is worked out and thought out with extraordinary understanding—though inevitably its credibility is somewhat strained in this production by Miss Rainer's weak portrayal of the character of Ellida.

The acting of everyone in the cast is excellent—with the exception of Miss Rainer and Jeff Morrow, who gives a rather wooden performance of the sailor but who has not much to work with in his few lines. Herberg Berghof as Dr. Wangel is entirely convincing. The comic parts of Lyngstrand, the would-be sculptor, and Ballested, the jack-of-all-arts from painting to barbering, are very well handled by Steven Hill and Eli Wallach. Anne Jackson and Joan Chandler as the two stepdaughters are particularly good, and these parts are written with remarkable perception and sympathy as well as humor.

The setting—there is only one—seemed to me all wrong. The backdrop of Norwegian mountains rising from a fjord looks like a calendar picture by Maxfield Parrish in his well-known style—which might be called Midwest tropical. Any sense of the north—or of the bleakness and isolation waiting to close in on the brief summer when the action takes place—is entirely missing. This is a great defect, for an appropriate setting would add much to the effectiveness of the play.

CONTRIBUTORS

PHILIP MANDEL, a New York lawyer, was formerly editor of the *Yale Law Journal*.

HAROLD STRAUSS, editor-in-chief of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has spent a year in Japan and speaks Japanese.

ROBERT E. GARIS has been a tutor in history and literature at Harvard University. He will spend the next year studying in England as a Fulbright fellow.

GEORGE GENZMER is working on a life of Thomas Jefferson for the American Men of Letters series.

B. H. Haggin is on vacation. His column will appear next week as usual.

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Letters to the Editors

Draft 'Em

Dear Sirs: We ought to put in the front line in Korea all the biddies who in the super-markets have been fighting for sugar and soap. The energy they have shown in thus opposing Communism could easily rout the North Koreans.

G. S. PAINE

Southbury, Conn., August 1

"... in Their Usual Splendid Manner"

Dear Sirs: Six hours ago I left Union Square after witnessing and participating in the so-called "Peace Rally" which was dispersed—or rather, smashed—by the New York City police force. I am not a professional writer. I am a student. My intellect has rejected the doctrines of communism and in turn the policies of Soviet Russia. Today, after a weary year of rationalization, my intellect and emotions must reject the policies of the United States as well. I no longer believe we have freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, or freedom of the press. The fact that there is little such freedom in Russia in no way offsets the fact that *we* have killed these freedoms. We have, in the five years since the end of World War II, slowly suffocated these ideals and substituted for them inquisition, fear, and at last—today at Union Square—brutality.

The details should be well known: the Communist-backed New York Labor Conference for Peace requested a permit for a rally at Union Square, with Paul Robeson scheduled as the principal speaker. Police Commissioner William J. O'Brien refused to issue the permit, and Mayor O'Dwyer backed him up. A further appeal to Supreme Court Justice Eugene L. Brisach was denied because the rally, Brisach stated, "would interrupt traffic, make control impossible, and seriously inconvenience many thousands of home goers." The hypocrisy of Brisach's excuse is so obvious that it is juvenile. Over a thousand police officers clogged the square from four o'clock on, not only interrupting traffic but detouring it—just as they could have done if the rally had been permitted. The blue cordons of policemen blocked areas for five square city blocks, shunting pedestrians this way and that

in what may quite fairly be called a "serious inconvenience."

By 5:30 none of the proposed speakers had emerged; the crowds were moving slowly back and forth, disappointed, a little hesitant. At last a group in front of the Milk Bar on Fourteenth Street began to chant and then shout "We Want Peace!" I was in the middle of that crowd, not by design. I had come downtown with a friend to listen to Robeson because I wanted to hear what he had to say. The crowd surged along Fourteenth Street near Fourth Avenue, raising placards calling for "Peace" and "Hands off Korea!" Then the top blew off—a group of mounted policemen bore down on the crowd, savagely beating at them with horses' flanks, boots, and clubs, forcing them quickly back into the shelter of Neddick's. For a full hour after that, I and several thousand other people knew the meaning of fear.

The crowd, in knots of five hundred or so, swept around the block. A youth sprang up on a lamppost and hung a peace sign about a third of the way up the post, then jumped down and disappeared in the crowd. Immediately a mounted patrolman seized one of the wheeling mob, a twenty-two-year-old Jamaica resident named Raymond Scheer, and ordered him to climb the lamppost and bring down the placard. (No newspaper reported these interesting events leading up to Scheer's climbing the post; I imagine none of the reporters saw it, but I was close by.) Scheer jumped to his task, reached the peace poster, and promptly shinnied the rest of the way to the top, where he waved the sign for all the cheering and applauding crowds to see. Brought down an hour later by firemen, he was slugged unmercifully by four patrolmen of New York's Finest. There are newspaper photographs to prove it. Mayor O'Dwyer says: "Our police handled the situation in their usual splendid manner."

My grandfather was a captain of police in 1910, and my uncles were all police officers, but I cannot take pride in that claim any more. The police bore down on the crowds with a maniacal sadism that suggested not a deliberate violence but rather the clawing actions of caged, maddened animals.

And how did our newspapers report the whole affair? The two men who climbed the lamppost were both beaten; one is in the hospital now with the possible loss of his right eye. This is what I found out in the *Compass*, complete with photographs of the beatings. But the *New York Times* merely says that "They were taken from the lampposts by firemen and from there to the police station." A fine bit of reporting. I talked to a reporter who had written on his pad a quote from a police sergeant who had shouted, "Use your clubs and guns!" The quote never appeared in print. In fact, the *Times* and *Tribune* did not give the details of *one single beating* of the more than twenty that occurred! If freedom of the press means the license to print lies and slander and omit truth, then we have it. If it means the wilful coloring of the facts to produce the desired interpretation, we have that also. CLIFFORD IRVING
New York, August 2

The Facts Are . . .

Dear Sirs: Your editorial paragraph in the issue of July 8 on the subject of the University of California and the Regents' action of June 23 needs to be corrected in the following instances:

1. The Regents' action to terminate employment of 157 employees of the university was not taken, as you stated, "on the recommendation of the Committee on Privilege and Tenure of the Academic Senate." None of these employees appeared before the committee for hearing. Their cases were not dealt with in any way by the committee. They fell entirely outside its province.
2. There were no teaching assistants

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among the 157 employees. Nor were there any members of the faculty.

3. The 157 employees acted upon by the Regents had not signed the contract, nor had they requested a hearing before any of the administrative committees appointed by the President for that purpose.

Your editorial describes the Committee on Privilege and Tenure as "having acquiesced in the political test of competence." Presumably, you refer to the policy, adopted nearly a decade ago by the Regents and overwhelmingly supported last spring by the Academic Senate, barring the employment or appointment of members of the Communist Party. You may regard this as a "political" test, but you will doubtless concede that a large body of informed and liberal opinion in this country does not regard the Communist Party as a political party in the commonly accepted sense of that term.

BALDWIN M. WOODS,
Chairman, Committee on Academic Freedom, Academic Senate,
University of California
Berkeley, California, July 28

[The Nation's statement was based on reports in the Los Angeles Daily News

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and Los Angeles Times of June 24. We are happy to learn that the ouster of the 157 employees was not based on the recommendation of the Committee on Privilege and Tenure. We also have learned that, despite clearly contrary press reports, no teaching or faculty assistants were included among the 157 employees. It would appear that these are not cases of inaccurate reporting so much as of faulty public relations. In view of the importance of the issues and the interest which they have aroused, we feel that both the faculty and the administration of the university should recognize that they have an obligation to keep the factual record straight.

—EDITORS THE NATION]

Another Demurrer

Dear Sirs: We wholeheartedly concur with most of *The Nation's* editorial, Rights and Liberties [issue of July 22; see also letters to the editors in issue of August 5]. . . . But we believe that *The Nation* is in error for taking to task the American Jewish Congress and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People because their annual balance sheet on group relations concerns itself solely with civil rights. Certainly, neither organization has been silent about the current hysterical attack on civil liberties. At the very real risk of being mislabeled as a Communist front, the American Jewish Congress, for example, has frequently and vigorously opposed the Mundt-Nixon bill, the Hobbs bill, the federal-employees loyalty program, and numerous state loyalty oaths. We publish each year a balance sheet on civil rights and do not report on civil liberties because our collaborator, the American Civil Liberties Union, publishes a yearly report and evaluation of the year's development in that area.

WILL MASLOW, Director,
Commission on Law and Social Action, American Jewish Congress
New York, July 28

Where Was Groucho?

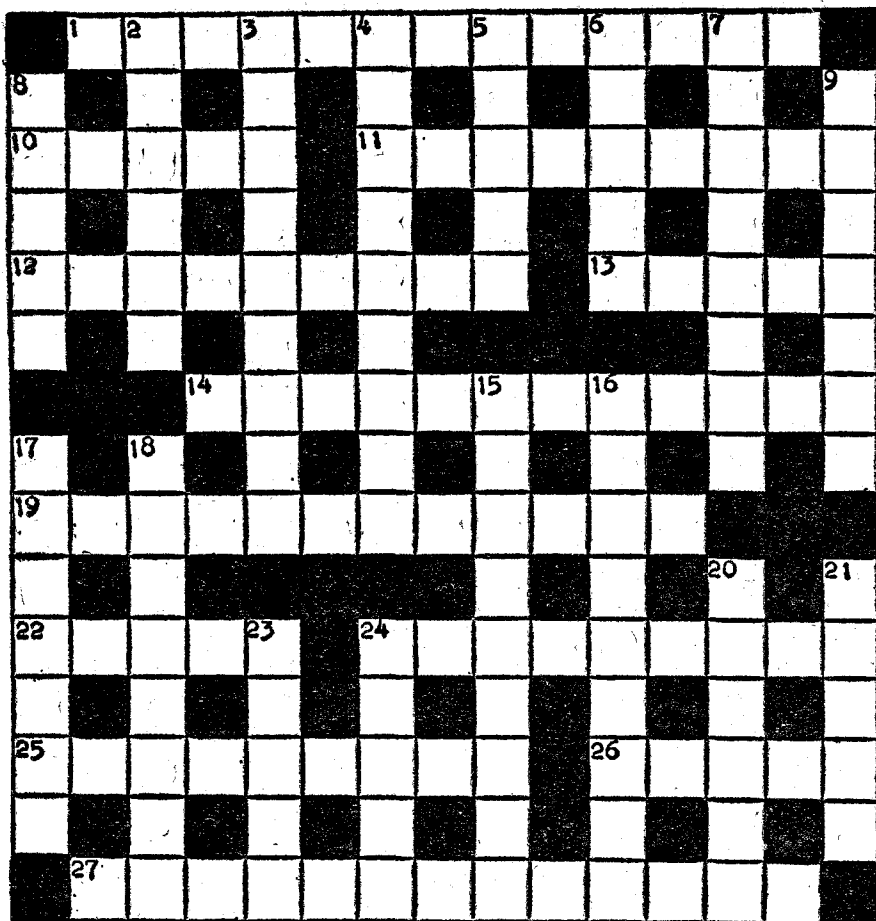
Dear Sirs: Robert Bendiner, in his review [*The Nation*, July 1] of Kyle Crichton's book, "The Marx Brothers," says Groucho was in Nagadoches, Louisiana, when he let out the crack: "Nagadoches is full of roaches." That town [or a town spelled "Nacogdoches"—ED.] is in Texas. Perhaps he meant Natchitoches, Louisiana.

E. O. JOYNES

Newllano, La., July 27

Crossword Puzzle No. 375

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



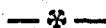
ACROSS

- 1 What cocktail diplomats indulge in? (5, 8)
- 10 High ranking sort of marine? (5)
- 11 The way of mischance. (9)
- 12 The jewel of Shakespeare's toad? (9)
- 13 Rustic. (5)
- 14 The opposite of woman's tears? (12)
- 19 Larder, perhaps. (7, 5)
- 22 Looks like I don't miss a trick here! (5)
- 24 Involving gelatin in a mixture. (9)
- 25 Looking like the outfit for Theophilus rather than Jean Jacques. (9)
- 26 Pale, just like the female! (5)
- 27 "Mo," like a dirty pole? (5-2-3-3)

DOWN

- 2 Wandering like Carroll's bat? (6)
- 3 How to make sense of a slattern. (9)
- 4 How Elgar's circumstantial partner is presented? (9)
- 5 Cruel and filthy, proverbially. (5)
- 6 Fawn. (5)
- 7 The males make all the racket, and singularly, it's fair enough! (8)

- 8 Bound to be tough! (5)
- 9 One couldn't say they didn't care for horses! (7)
- 15 The kind of suit that seems to be against belief! (9)
- 16 Shoot, perhaps, like a regiment. (9)
- 17 Stogies for solipsists. (7)
- 18 End position? (4, 4)
- 20 The Preserver who teams up with the Creator and the Destroyer. (6)
- 21 Past state of suffering? (5)
- 23 Architecture is frozen this, Friedrich von Schelling said. (5)
- 24 The resin of kernel emissions. (5)



SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 374

ACROSS:—1 GRAND STAFF; 6 and 18 FROM THE WORD GO; 10 and 27 THE LIFE OF RILEY; 11 UTOPIAN; 12 STANDISH; 13 RHODA; 15 ADD UP; 17 EXTRINSIC; 19 GREENS FEE; 21 EARLS; 23 ELIZA; 24 ROOMMATE; 28 DADAISM; 29 SUMP; 30 FLOODLIGHT.

DOWN:—1 GATE; 2 ABETTED; 3 DEIGN; 4 and 9 THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE; 7 RUINOUS; 8 MENTAL CASE; 14 GANGRENOUS; 16 PINTAILS; 20 EPIGRAM; 22 ROTTING; 24 and 5 ROYAL FLUSH; 25 MODEL; 26 SMUT.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

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*Dr. Fredric Wertham is director of the Mental Hygiene Clinic of Queens General Hospital, consultant psychiatrist of Triborough Hospital; author of "The World Within," "The Show of Violence," and other books.

**Dr. Gregory Zilboorg is assistant professor of clinical psychiatry, New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospital, author of "Mind, Medicine, and Man," and other books.